

Don't Forget to Remember

by LordPrometheus

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Summary: AU. After working together, Fleur finally asks Hermione out on a date. Unfortunately, the appearance of an old friend causes Fleur to make a stupid mistake. Fleurmione.

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****This is a small story, completely unrelated to any of my others. Contains more angst than anything I've done before, so let me know if it falls flat and ill just stick to pure fluff. Hope that doesn't put you off though. Read on and enjoy.****

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What's the worst thing you could forget while on a date?

Your date.

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They'd been dancing around the subject for so long. Both working in the Ministry, each stealing glances when they could, but neither making any advances. Until that fateful day when they are given an assignment to work on together. Neither showed it but they were ecstatic.

Working together, they soon discovered that conversation flowed effortlessly between them, about work or any other subject. They moved on from distant looks to lingering touches and subtle hints. When the work was completed, Fleur was the one to finally make a move. "May I take you to dinner 'Ermione?"

While Hermione wanted to shout at her '_what took you so bloody long?!_', she gave a shy grin. "I would like that Fleur"

"Are you free tomorrow evening?"

"I am"

"Bien, I will pick you up at seven"

"I look forward to it"

Hermione bit her lip and decided to push her luck. As she passed the blonde to leave, she kissed her cheek and whispered to her. "Took you long enough". Leaving a stunned Fleur in her wake.

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Fleur entered the restaurant with Hermione on her arm and headed for the front desk. A young woman looked up and smiled at the two.

Fleur smiled back. "I 'av a reservation for two under Delacour"

The woman searches her list quickly before replying. "If you follow me, I'll show you to your table"

They were led to a booth by the window and sat opposite each other. The lady handed them both a menu and asked what they would like to drink. Both asked for a red wine.

The waiter nodded and left but came back a minute later with a bottle in hand. She poured two glasses. "I'll give you a little while to decide on your meals"

They thanked her as she left once more. The brunette was pleasantly surprised. "The service is amazing here"

Fleur grinned. "Oui, only ze best for you"

Hermione took a sip of her wine. "Great wine too? I do hope you aren't trying to merely buy my affection"

Fleur smiled at her teasing. "Of course not ma belle. It iz my charm and intellect, zat will win you over"

"And your modesty, clearly"

The blonde chuckled. "Not one of my song points, I'll admit"

They both laughed but were interrupted. "Fleur?"

They looked to see a beautiful dark haired woman smiling at the blonde, who's eyes widened. "Claudia?!"

Before Hermione could react, Fleur had left her seat and embraced the Raven haired girl tightly. They kissed each other's cheeks and spoke quickly to each other just as Fleur pulled the girl back into the booth with her. Fleur had a wide smile as she spoke. "Claudia, zis is 'Ermione Granger. We work togezer at ze ministry"

She looked towards the younger witch. "'Ermione, zis iz Claudia Moreau, my best friend from France. I 'aven't seen 'er since she moved when we were eighteen"

The two shook hands across the table and smiled. "A pleasure"

"Beautiful and polite. You always did know how to pick zem"

Hermione blushed at the compliment and gave a shy smile.

Hermione couldn't keep up but soon a flurry of French was pouring out of the two. She had to admit that she was starting to feel awkward.

The waiter appeared again and took Hermione out of her musings. "Do you know what you'd like to order?"

Hermione took a glance at the others and saw that they hadn't even noticed the waiters appearance and looked back. "Uh, could you give us a few more minutes?"

"Of course"

The waiter left and Hermione sighed. She sat back with her wine in hand and observed the other two. Both with smiles permanently etched into their faces and occasional laughter emanating from the two.

Ten minutes later and Hermione had finished her wine with a frown. The witches opposite her didn't look like they were going to stop any time soon. '_Why am I still here? I could set one of their skirts on fire and they wouldn't know... maybe both of their skirts?_'

She noticed the waiter approaching them. She looked at her watch and made up her mind.

She grabbed her purse and left the booth just as she arrived. "They'll call someone when they're ready to order"

She looked slightly stunned. "Oh. Are you not staying? I assumed you were her date"

Hermione gave a sad smile. "So did I"

Hermione gave the blonde one more glance before leaving. She entered a small alley close to the restaurant before apparating home with tears begging to fill her eyes.

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I know its short but rest assured there will be another chapter. Hermione knows how to hold a grudge and Fleur is going to have to do a lot to make it up to her.

Hope you enjoyed it so far. Reviews would be great. Thank you for reading.

End
file.